

WASHING FOR DIAMONDS.

DIGGING DIAMONDS

One of the Picturesque Phases of each weigh eight pounds troy.

Of late considerable interest has arisen as to gold mines north of the Amazon. In Life in Brazil.

FACTS ABOUT THE GOLD MINES

Description of a Visit to the City of Bahia.

NEGROES IN THE MAJORITY

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star. (Copyrighted, 1899, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

BAHIA, Brazil, April 10, 1899.

duce dredges into



THAD A CHAT with a diamond miner this morning. He has just come down to Bahia from the diamond fields of the Paraguassu river, which are in the wilds far back of Bahla, and he tells me he is going to nake his everlasting fortune in diamonds He expects to intro-

certain diamond territory for which he has a concession and he will raise the diamond gravel from the bed of the river to the surface by means of a steam engine.

At present the most of the diamonds of this region are dug by native divers who scoop up the gravel in sacks and then carry it off to the shore. This is very costly. The best stones have long since been taken out of the low places of the river, and it is only during the dry season that any diving can be done. At such times the divers take a place where the current is not too rapid, and drive a pole down into the center of the river. They then row out to the pole and one of them who is naked dives to the bottom. He takes a sack with him which is kept open by a ring sewed in the top. There is The man has to scrape this off, and then fill his sack with the gravel, removing all he can down to the clay. As soon as the sack is full he signals to the man in the cance above and is pulled up by a rope, aiding himself with the role

canoe above and is puned up by a rope, adding himself with the pole.

After two or three bags have been emptied into the canoe it is rowed to the shore and the gravel is dumped out far enough away to prevent any loss by the sudden rise.

divers are very expert. Some of them can stay under the water for more than a minute, but the labor is such that they cannot get out all the gravel nor work fast. By machinery the gravel can all be removed and the deep parts of the river which have never been worked can be mined.

The Diamond Fields of Brazil.

Bahia is one of the chief diamond markets of Brazil. It is also the chief market for carbons, and it is the best place in Brazil to learn about the diamond trade. Brazil was for many years the chief diamond country of the world. It was in 1727, in the province of Minas Geraes, that diamonds were first discovered. They were being used there by the negro slaves as counters in playing cards. Later on mines were discovered in Bahia and for a time Bahia produced some of the best stones.

For years something like a million dollars worth of stones were annually produced in Brazil and between 1772 and 1818 something like 3,000,000 carats-weight of diamonds were exported. The most of the skin shows out. Nearly all wear white or diamonds were exported. The most of the stones were small, rarely exceeding twenty carats, although the "Star of the South." discovered in 1854, weighed before cutting 254 carats. When the South African diamond fields were discovered, in 1867, the Brazilian mines decounted into taxionize the second control of the second control of the second caracteristic control of the second caracteristic control of the second caracteristic control of the second caracteristics and caracteristics and caracteristics are second caracteristics. Brazillan mines dropped into insignificance At present they do not compare with the African mines. Still diamonds are being taken out every year and with modern machinery no one can tell what may be

\$25,000 for a Black Stone.

There is, I believe, more money new in carbons than in diamonds. Carbons are impure diamonds of a black or brown color. They are about as hard as a diamond, but more porous. They are used to make fine boring machines and for polishing hard substances. They are found in all sizes from little ones as big as a grain of sand from little ones as big as a grain of sand to some which weigh hundreds of carats. A carat is a weight so small that it takes more than 160 of them to make one ounce, troy. Not long ago carbons were selling for \$20 a carat, and one recently found was so large that it brought \$25,000. This weighted I am and 2000 caratons were selling that it brought \$25,000. weighed, I am told, 3,000 carats. It was sold in Bahia and sent off to Europe. Another one discovered more recently weighed 975 carats. It was sold in Paris for 100,000 francs. These large stones have to be broken. This always involves great loss, as they have no line of fracture, so that in proportion to weight the smaller carbons

more valuable. lining for diamonds and carbons is like gambling. Sometimes many bushels of gravel are washed over before a stone is found, and often a man may wash for a whole season and not find more than two or three. The washing is chiefly done by negroes, who use wooden bowls, looking the gravel very carefully over as they wash it. The divers, as a rule, do their work naked, atthough the statement of the same of t

develop them. In Minas Geraes there is a gold mine which has been worked for more than fifty years. There are rich gold digings in Matto Grosso and gold washing goes

and his big ring of oince was covered with a pair of cardinal gloves. He spoke French fluently and proved to be a very intelligent man.

Streets Like Mashed Rainbows. on many of the tributaries of the Ama-

Out of the Ouro do Morro de Fogo mines of Minas Geraes about 20,000 pounds of gold were taken before the independence of Brazil, and there is reason to believe that there is a vast amount left. The mines have never been sunken more than seventy-

five feet on account of the water. This could easily be pumped out, and, if done, would probably result in great profits.

The gold mine I spoke of as having been worked for fifty years is the Morro Velho. It is one of the most important in Brazil and is managed after modern methods. It takes out about 200 tons of ore a day, using 100 California pistons. It has five great stamping mills and it reduces the gold to bars right at the spot where it is taken

from the mines. The mines are far back in the country and the gold output is sent to the railroad on carts. There are no sol-diers with it, and it is evidence of the safety of property in Brazil that so far none of the trains have been robbed. The gold bars

the corner of Brazil next to French Guiana there is a territory which is said to be rich in gold. About \$2,000,000 was taken out of the mines in one year, and at present there are many Frenchmen mining gold in that ection. The country is a wilderness, without any government but that of the gun and the revolver. The climate is bad and those who go there often have fevers.

The Second City of Brazil.

I find Bahia interesting. It has about 200,000 people and is the second city in size in Brazil. It was for 200 years the capital of the country and it is still one of the most important cities as to trade and commerce. It has large cotton factories. It ships quantities of sugar, tobacco and cofto be used for making ladies' shoes. The city has one of the best harbors on

continent to engage in our war with Spain. During its trip it stopped at Bahia, and its commander cabled from here to Washington. The Oregon carried with it for expenses \$100,000 in \$20 gold pieces. It took \$200 to pay for this cable, and the commander gave ten double eagles to Dr. Furniss to pay that cable bill. He could not resist the tempting look of the yellow coins and so he put them in his pocket and paid a vast number of goat skins to Philadelphia the bill in Brazilian money. gold for a rise. As soon as the Oregon left, however, exchange began to go down. It continued to fall until now he will have to the South American coast. It is on a bay continued to fall until now he will have to much like that of Rio de Janeiro. It is of the shape of a horse shoe, ten miles wide cash as he paid for the cable. He still has

probably have a much larger population.

I see many American gold dollars here in Bahia. They are used by the swells for

buttons on their white vests, and are away

above par. Our consul tells me that there

are something like 10,000 so used here.

The people are crazy for them. The black

women want them for chains, charms and bangles, and they are especially in demand to be hung around the waists of newly born babies. These colored people have an idea that such charms bring good luck.

poorer babies have silver hung about

their waists, and nearly every little boy I

see on the street has a string of charms about his neck or loins, although he has, as a rule, nothing else. Speaking of coins, all kinds of hard

money are at a premium in Bahia. Even the nickels which you find in Rio and fur-

ther south are not common. Their places

visit of the Oregon on its way around the



IN BAHIA.

at the entrance, twenty-seven miles long and about twenty-three miles wide at the middle. the middle the middl

Bahia is built high upon bluffs on the east side of the harber. You see it as you enter the harbor, its white buildings rising out of paim trees over a wall of dense vegetation. There are two parts to the city, one down on the shore and the other on the bluff. The part on the shore is the business section, devoted to importing and exporting houses. This section is worse smelling than any part of Naples. There is a distinct and separate bad smell to every house, and as you walk through one nar-row street after another you are greeted with new and strange varieties of stenches. The smell disappears to some extent as you rise up the bluff, but altogether the city is

insanitary in the extreme. A City of Negroes.

The chief thing that strikes you in Bahia is the negroes. They are everywhere. Nearly every one you meet shows some traces of negro blood, if not in complexion in the wide nostrils and semi-flat noses. There are many blacks. The Bahia black skin shows out. Nearly all wear white or gay colored turbans and not a few have shawls about their waists, which form an overskirt to their chemises. Many of them are barefooted, but more wear heelless slippers so short that they can get little more than their toes into them, so that the heel of the shoe ends just under the insten With ordinary Caucasians such shoes would not do, but the Bahia black women have insteps which make you think of the old darkey song about his sweetheart, wherein "And de hollow ob her foot makes a hole

in de ground."

Many of these negro women are rich.

Some wear a half dozen gold bracelets on each arm, a few have diamond rings, and many wear gold chains about their fat

lecks. Bahia and the Slave Trade.

Bahia has perhaps as many negroes to its population as any other city of Brazil. This was the center of the slave trade. The kidnapers ran their cargoes of slaves from Africa into this harbor and from here distributed their human freight to all parts of Brazil. Thousands of negroes were sent from here to New Orleans. They were smuggled into the United States after the trade was prohibited and into Brazil long after the importation of slaves was for-Slavery existed here up to about ten years

ago, and the result is that there are now more negroes in Bahia than whites. The color line is not at all distinct. The whites of Brazil have intermarried with the ne-groes, and you can find comparatively few white families which have not some negro

Negroes have an absolute equality here No one thinks of objecting to their presence negroes, who use wooden bowls, looking the gravel very carefully over as they wash it. The divers, as a rule, do their work naked, although one American proprietor has recently imported diving suits for his men. In some places the diamonds are found in the gravel near the river and are washed down by hydraulic means.

The Gold Mines of Brazil.

We think of Brazil more as a land of coffee and rubber than gold, silver or iron. fee and rubber than gold, silver or iron.
Parts of the country are full of metals.
This state of Bahia, where I now am, has gold mines, and there are rich mines of manganese near here awaiting some one to devalor them. In Minas Geraes there is a pair of cardinal gloves. He spoke French fluently and proved to be a very intelligent

The walls of the Bahia streets look like

mashed rainbows. The houses are painted Sh all colors. There are scores of white houses, probably return in the fall. houses of rose pink and houses of sky

There are houses here as green as the palm trees which shade them, houses as red as blood and houses as yellow as gold. There are houses faced with porcelain tiles imported from Europe, tiles as fine as those about your fireplaces. Many of the windows are covered with a lacework of wrought fron, and over the doors are decountable of the same matel. The determinations of the same matel. rations of the same metal. The designs are original and the negroes are the de-

American Trade. And just here I want to say a word about this American consul to Bahia, He is a colored man from Indianapolis, who was appointed by President McKinley. He is H. Lippincott, John J. Boyle and George impression here. He seems to understand gallery on Wednesday, May 31, to render his business and is doing as well for American trade as any consul I have met on this announced until the evening of the followbusiness for Americans down here if they will conform to the customs and send down men to light for a show. They must not ex-pect to get much the first year, but the results will pay in the end. One German commercial traveler took \$25,000 worth of orders at one visit out of Bahin last year. This was his third trip. The first visit did not pay at all, during the second he did better, and now he thinks he has a sure ng for years to come. 'onsul Furniss tells me that there are

Consul Furniss tells me that there are ery few failures in Bahia. He says the usiness men will not pay cash, but that heir bills are good. He also repeats what have stated before, that it is no use to end commercial travelers down here without they speak Spanish or Portuguese, and iso that they must not expect to do much more than make acquaintances the first year. Our business men must remember that they are working for the trade of a continent, and that such trade cannot be whistled up like a dog. Once gotten, however, it will be easily held, as the South American merchants do not like to change American merchants FRANK G. CARPENTER.

ART AND ARTISTS.

The exhibit of the Ceramic Club, which closes today, at the S. W. A. galleries on Connecticut avenue, has united with the artistic display of the Capital Camera Club in making the week an interesting one for exhibition goers. The place of photography and the place of china decoration in art are both disputed; photography, because of the limitations of a purely mechanical method, and china painting, because it has been taken up so generally by the dilettanti; and artists of genuine creative ability have shown a disposition to leave this class of workers in entire possession of the field. Yet any one who visited both exhibits this week must have been convinced that there was a sincere and serious aim in most of the work, and that in many cases highly artistic results have been achieved. So far as the ceramic workers are concerned, organized effort in the right direction will do much toward lifting the art to the dignified plane which belongs to it by right, and the newly formed club certainly has a mission to fulfill. The interest that has been manifested in the first display will doubtless insure its repetition annually, and it is to be hoped that the members will main-tain an increasingly high standard. Good as the exhibition was this year, one defect was very noticeable. There were no daring spirits willing to try entirely new schemes of decoration, and the highest aim of most of the exhibitors seemed to be the skillful execution of something in a familiar style, rather than the production of something entirely new and individual. The close of this week procedure. this week practically marks the end of the exhibition season in Washington, and, with the exception of the art school displays, nothing more is promised. The season has been unusually long, this year, activity art circles generally ceasing in the latter

Miss Sara Bartle, who is well known through her charming miniatures, is about to sail for Europe, to continue her work in Paris during the summer. Miss Bartle usually divides her time between Washington and New York, and she has just finished a very successful season in the latter city. She expects to sail on May 17, and will

The National Arts Club, which embraces in its membership artists and art lovers from all parts of the country, and which has its headquarters in New York, is to oc-cupy a temporary club house at 37 West 34th street, pending the erection of a permanent building on the south side of Bryant Park. The first home of the club was formerly the residence of Richard V. Har-These features make Bahia quite picturing the needs of the organization. A fire proof

esque. Many of the houses are old, for the city is one of the oldest on the continent. Its babies had grown up and become gray-haired men and women before New York or Boston sprang into existence. Its bay was discovered eight years after Columbus first crossed the Atlantic and was settled by the Portuguese. Then the Dutch came in and tried to drive the Portuguese out. They built houses and left their marks on the town. The English also tried to take possession, but the Portuguese finally conquered, and Bahia is a Portuguese-Brazilian city today. It is a city of considerable culture. It has some of the best schools of Brazil, and its people pride themselves upon its medical colleges and hospita's. The country about it is but little settled and not Prazil, and its people pride themselves upon its medical colleges and hospita's. The country about it is but little settled and not and managing director pro tem. The chair-men of the house, exhibition and library committees are, respectively, Samuel T. Shaw, Charles R. Lamb and Richard Wat-son Gilder. much developed, and in the future it will American Dollars for Vest Buttons. son Gilder.

> A proposition that is just now interesting New Yorkers is the plan to remove the old building of the National Academy of Design on 4th avenue and 23d street to Central Park. The seventy-fourth annual exhibition of the academy, which closes today, is the last display to be held in the building, as the organization's new home, on Morningside Heights, is about ready for occupancy. The building that the artists have occupied for so many years is an al-most perfect specimen of Venetian archi-tecture, being modeled after the Doges' palace, and would be an imposing addition to any of the large public parks in New York. The plan was first suggested by the York. The plan was first suggested by the Architectural League, and has met with very general indorsement.

are taken by street car tickets, elevated railroad tickets and private shinplasters. You see gold and silver only in the windows Mr. James Henry Moser has been most of the banks or on the counters of the money changers. The bank notes in circu-lation are those of Brazil, which are in defortunate in his contribution to the exhibition of water colors and pastels which nominations of thousands of rels. It now takes 1,000 reis to make 15 cents of our opened at the Chicago Art Institute on May 3. All four of the water colors which he money, but exchange goes up and down every day, and many people make money in speculating on exchange. Our worthy consul, Dr. Furniss, tells me sent were accepted, and the hanging committee signified its appreciation of their merit by giving them all good places. His "Morning in the Blue Ridge," which was exhibited here at the last Water Color Club that he has tried it, but that he will try it no more. How he came to do so was by the show, was the largest and most important picture of the group, and it was accorded one of the best places in the galleries.

> Among the pictures recently placed on view at Fischer's the oriental subject by Gerome, a large and thoroughly representative example, claims attention from all. In those who are fond of the artist's style it will arouse enthusiasm, and even those who have no sympathy with the artist's way of working will be forced to acknowledge that it is the production of a man who knows his art thoroughly, and who has mastered its greatest technical difficulties. The picture represents the interior of an oriental bathing pavilion with three nude female figures gathered around the pool in the center, and while the composition has not the decorative charm that Alma Tadema would have given a similar subject, the work reveals a most consciensubject, the work reveals a most conscientious realism. The effect of sunlight falling from a high window on the walls and the tesselated pavement, and the effect of the various subtle reflected lights are rendered with consummate ability. In the nude figures the soft texture of the flesh is well suggested, but those admirers of Gerome who are continually holding him up as a model of academic skill, and knowledge will do well to observe that the figures are will do well to observe that the figures are not without defects in drawing. Another canvas, now at Fischer's, which will repay careful study is, a fine Troyon, showing a cow walking. The action is well indicated and the hairy texture of the animal's skin is registed as only Troyon know here. skin is painted as only Troyon knew how to

* *
The students both in the Corcoran School and in the Art League are nearing the end of their labors for the year, and the annual displays of both schools will be held at the close of this month, At the league the drawings which have been entered in competition for the scholarship in the New York Art Students' League were sent away for judgement on Thursday, but at the Corcoran School the pupils are still working on the drawings that are to be submitted for the annual awards. The jury selected to pass upon the drawings and award the gold medal, bronze medal and honorable mentions is composed of William H. Lippincott, John J. Boyle and George that there gypsy oman—the one that kyor-Gibbs. They will meet at the Corcoran ing day. The usual custom of keeping the work of the students on view for several days will not be adhered to this year, and days will not be adhered to this year, and the exhibit will begin and end with the reception on Thursday evening, June 1. The display will be held in the gallery proper, instead of in the school rooms, and the reception promises to be a very enjoyable occasion for the students and their friends. Admission is to be by card, and about 1,500 Admission is to be by card, and about 1,500 will be divided among the students for distribution. There is no desire, however, to exclude the general public, and any who are anxious to view the work of the school will probably find no difficulty in obtaining the requisite pasteboards.

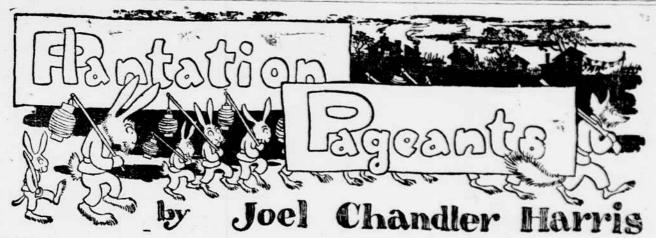
Paul W. Bartlett's sketch for the Lafayette memorial to be presented to the French government has been chosen by the American jury, composed of Messrs. George B. Post, John La Farge and J. Q. A. Ward, but before the monument is commenced the sketch model will have to receive the approval of the French committee, composed of M. Redon, the architect of the Louvre MM. Dubois and Guillaume, sculptors, and M. Rougon, director of the fine arts. It is hoped that by the opening of the Paris exposition the pedestal and its elaborate architectural setting will be completed and in place, so that Mr. Bartlett may be able to set up the sculpture in staff, and thus give a pretty accurate idea of the appearance of the monument when finished. Raised four steps above the ground level will be a smooth floor of masonry, about ninety feet long by seventy feet wide. Upon each of the long sides, following the curves in the floor, there will be a parapet, in the center of which will be placed a group containing one scated figure and two children. The pedestal proper will be about thirty feet in height, and at the ends there will be statues representing Liberty and Justice. In order to emphasize the equestrian figure of La-fayette, it alone will be cast in bronze, and the rest of the sculpture will be executed in granite, the same material that is to be employed in the pedestal and architectural

Three portraits placed on temporary exhibition have been the principal attraction at Veerhoff's this week. Mr. Harold L. Macdonald has placed on view his latest portrait of Justice McKenna, and an equaly striking likeness of Captain Birney. Prof. Andrews has also placed on view one of the recent productions of his brush, an effective portrait of Miss Sheridan.

The Salmagundi Club, at the request of Mrs. Andrews, has elected to active membership Prof. and Mrs. Andrews, who were formerly honorary members. The club holds meetings on Tuesday and Saturday evenings, at which a model poses, and outdoor sketching excursions are taken at intervals. Only art students are eligible to membership, and candidates for admission must have their applications signed by two members. A majority vote of the club is required to elect to membership,



He-"Do you remember that Bakely who married Miss Goldby? He has lost all of her fortune." She-"Well, a fool and his wife's money



VI-Mr. Robs and His Rubble The children stood watching Mr. Bobs attentively, their attitude betraying their curiosity and doubt. They were curious to see hov Mr. Bobs could convince them that there were smarter men than Aaron in that neighborhood, and doubtful of his ability to do so. It was plain that Mr. Bobs himself did not share their doubts. He was in no hurry, and yet there was no delay in his movements; he was slow but methodical. He knocked the ashes from his pipe and carefully cleaned it out with his pocket knife, blowing through the stem to clear away all particles of tobacco. This done, he laid the pipe carefully on the step beside him, reached into the room behind him and drew forth a washpan that seemed to be a little more than half full of soapy water. There was also in the pan a small wooden paddle. With this Mr. Bobs whipped the soapy water gently, and the children noticed that instead of breaking into a foamy mass of bubbles, as sonpy water does, three or four large bubbles appeared.

This result seemed to be unsatisfactory to Mr. Bobs. He drew forth from an inside pocket of his coat a large leather or morocco pocketbook and began to search through its various compartments. He finally found what he was searching fora little paper packet wrapped round and round with many yards of white sewing thread. This thread Mr. Bobs unwound very carefully. Then, unfolding the paper, he took therefrom the merest pinch of white powder and flirted it into the pan

of water from his fingers.
"I reckon you'll work now, plague on you!" he exclaimed.

At this juncture Miss Elviry came out, wondering what the children were doing. Watching the manipulations of her brother,

The Larger It Grew.

she laughed uneasily, saving: "You may thank your stars there an't no law agin witchcraft in this part of the country. That's all that keeps 'em from stringir ou up." "Where's any witchcraft?" inquired Mr.

fer it. "I don't keer where they fly." said Mr

Bobs, "so long as they don't fly at me."

And, as if to show that he really didn't care, he seized the wooden paddle and be gan to whip the water again. This time al the bubbles disappeared save one, and the more Mr. Bobs whipped the water the larger it grew. Presently he placed the pan on a large block—the butt cut of a poplar tree which served sometimes as a table and sometimes as the work bench and continued to whin the water ble growing larger and larger all the Occasionally he poked his paddle into the bubble and withdrew it quickly, as if to test its consistency. The children could see the paddle go into the bubble and see it come out, but the bubble itself remained in

tact, and continued to expand.
"You see dat, don't you?" exclaimed Drusilla. The bubble was now as tall as the tallest of the children and large around in

proportion.

Mr. Bobs took his pipe, inserted it in the bubble at the edge of the pan and began to blow with all his might. This he did at short intervals until all the water in the pan seemed to be exhausted. Then, with the stem of the pipe still in his mouth, he took the paddle and carefully scraped the bubble from the edge of the pan, and by a deft motion of his hand, moved the pan

That was certainly a sight for the chil-dren to see—a bubble as high and as big as a small house, swaying gently in the sun-light, and showing forth all the colors of the rainbow. It was very wonderful in-deed, and Sweetest Susan was quick to declare that she had never before seen any-

declare that she had never before seen anything as beautiful.

Mr. Bobs seemed to be very much gratified at this. "Tain't the best I can do," he explained. "I'd have to make a dozen or more before I git my hand in. But this un is good enough. Ef you find anybody "round here what can build a bubble that round here what can build a bubble that won't bust ner float off, why, jest ax 'em to do it, that's all. No," he declared, "that

ain't all, nuther."

He took a small leaf and laid it on the side of the bubble. Instantly it began to rotate and travel in a small circle, drawing after it, as it seemed, the most beautiful shades of green and gold and purple. It seemed, indeed, to be the center of an iridescent whirlpool, and the children stood gazing at it with open mouths and eyes.

The glistening colors appealed strongly to The glistening colors appealed strongly to The gustening colors appealed strongly to Drusilla. "Ef you could hear brass bands a-playin"," she exclaimed, "dis wouldn't lack much er bein' a whole circus."

Mr. Bobs walked around the bubble and examined it critically, smoothing it with his wooden paddle.

his wooden paddle.
"I'm jest a-feelin' 'round fer to find whar the door is," he explained. Apparently he soon found it, for he spoke to Buster John. "Come on," he said; "jump right in." The youngster hesitated for an instant, but his surroundings gave him assurance. "Walk youngster hesitated for an instant, but his surroundings gave him assurance. "Walk right in," Mr. Bobs insisted, and gave a quick flirt with the paddle as Buster John touched the bubble—a quick flirt with the paddle, and Sweetest Susan and Drusilla saw Buster John disappear, swallowed up, as it were, by the bubble.
"Now. then." said Mr. Bobs, waying his

as it were, by the bubble.
"Now, then," said Mr. Bobs, waving his paddle on high, "come on, an' in wi' you!
There, plunge right in!"
Sweetest Susan went forward timidly. "Is it going to fly away with us, Mr. Bobs?" she asked. She had already experienced one adventure that was not pleasing to

"Why, what idees you've got, honey!" exclaimed Mr. Bobs. "How can a bubble fly away with you children on the inside? You might as well ax me ef a crow can fly away wi' a bale of cottor "But this bubble is different from other

bubbles," suggested Sweetest Susan.
"It is, it shore is," assented Mr. Bobs;
"it shore is, fer I made it myself. But, in
wi' you; don't let your buddy git lonesome. Sweetest Susan was still a little afraid, but she went forward all the same, and the bubble seemed to swallow her just as it had swallowed Buster John

Mr. Bobs now turned to Drusilla. "Come on, ef you're a-comin'.' "I ain't bleedze ter go in dar, is I?" she asked.

"Go in, or stay out; it's all one to me.
Come! Talk out! Which is it? It'll do you
no good to go in, ner no harm nuther.

Drusilla hesitated a moment, just a moment, and then she went to the bubble.
"I don't want none er dat ar soapsuds ter

"Shet your eyes, then," said Mr. Bobs.
Drusilla did more than that, she held her breath. Then, with a whiff of dampness on her face, she found herself inside the bubble. She turned to see where and how she got in, but she was so surprised at the view that presented itself that she fairly gasped with astonishment. Away off in the distance she could see somebody that re-sembled Mr. Bobs, but he seemed to be hanging in the air, heels upward. Not far from him was his house; and that, too, was upside down. By some curious freak of perspective the house and its surroundings, including Mr. Bobs, presented a picture not

including Mr. Bobs, presented a picture not larger than your thumbnall.
"I didn't know I wuz sech a mighty jumper," she said to herself.

Then she looked around for Buster John and Sweetest Susan, and saw them some distance away. They were evidently as much puzzled as she was. The bubble no longer seemed to be a bubble. Viewed from the outside, it had appeared to be no larger than a small house. In the inside, however, as Drusilla remarked it was as big as all as Drusilla remarked, it was as big as all out doors. They walked about timidly at first for fear of breaking the bubble, but they seemed to be in a wide and perfectly level field—a field with a shining floor. Over this floor the many-hued colors of the rainbow chased one another incessantly, wriggling, twisting, whirling. The children watched this display until Drusilla made a remark that had astonishing results. "I know whar we at," she said; "dish yet

place is whar dey make rainbows. You kin see um plattin' um now." At this both Buster John and Sweetest

At this both Buster John and Sweetest Susan laughed aloud; whereupon the rainbow colors seemed to be shattered into thousands of fragments, and they ran about on the floor, shaken into all sorts of disturbed shapes. Almost as curious as this spectacle were the wonderful echoes that took up the sound of the children's laughter, carrying it away and bringing it back again in greater volume. A thousand children seemed to be laughing, sometimes close at hand, and then far away. Drusilla was alarmed. "I done tol' you

all 'bout puttin' yo' heads in all kinder holes an' traps," she said under her breath. "You may call dis a bubble of you wanter; but 'tain't no mo' a bubble dan I'm a bub-ble. Look over yo' head; does yo' see any ble. Look over yo' head; does yo' see any bubble-skin er frame, er hide, er whatsomever you may call it? No, you don't. 'Stidder dat, yo' see two suns a-shining.' I done promise myse'f when we went und' dat spring dat I wan't gwine let yo' drag me in no mo' places. An' yit, here I is! You done drag me in here, an' now yo' got ter drag me out—cf I ever is ter git out."

"Why, there's nothing to do but to break the bubble." Buster John stoutly asserted. the bubble," Buster John stoutly asserted.
"Show me whar dey's any bubble," crie Drusilla. "Yo' don't see none, an' I don't see none. We're in a rainbow fact'ry, an' we better git out fo' it thunders."

Drusilla's considerations led the children to look around them more carefully than they had done; and even Buster John was compelled to admit that he could see nothing like the walls of a bubble, if walls they may be called. One fact that disturbed them more than

any other was that they could see no horizon line. The horizon exists only in the imagination, but it plays a very important part in our actual experience. It provides a boundary, a limit. But it was absent new, and its absence, together with the fact that two separate and distinct suns appeared to be shining overhead, gave a weird aspect to this new landscape, or, to weird aspect to this new landscape, or, to be more exact, the bubble-scape. And while the shimmering, seething, whirling, rainbow colors were beautiful to behold. The beautiful to behold a hippopotamus. But its ears were as long as those of a mule; its eyes were large and green, and, when it gaped, the inside of its mouth was as red as red fiannel.

In the midst of it all Drusilla sneezed.

In the midst of it all Drusilla sneezed.

Seeing the children huddled together in a superfying fright, the Queen of Dreams told them they had nothing to fear. "It's "Well," remarked Miss Elviry, "when folks do somethin new an quare, they did come, they seemed to shake the foundablers fly back to conjuration to account sneezes was heard in the air. The two suns the poor thing gets lonely when he opened

git in my eyes," she remarked with a shiver.

"Shet your eyes, then," said Mr. Bobs.

"What is a bubble?" she asked.

"Why, a bubble—a bubble is—well, a bubble is a piece of soap-suds into which air.

has been blown," replied Sweetest Susan, somewhat doubtfully.
"How big a piece, and how much air. Is necessary to make a bubble?" inquired the Queen of Dreams.
"I'm sure I don't know," responded Sweeiest Susan. "Bubbles are of all sines; but this one is the largest I ever saw."
"Which one?" The Queen of Dreams was

a very persistent seeker after information.
"The bubble we are in now!" exclaimed

The Queen of Dreams shook her head and frowned slightly. At this Drusilla nudged



A Swarm of Smaller Figures.

Buster John, and remarked in a whispen I done tol' you we ain't got no business in ere—ef we is in here. Dem are creeturs 'll

sho do us damage."

But the Queen of Dreams was not angry: she was only puzzled. In a little while she tried to make herself very pleasant. She seemed to be very proud of her subjects. She paraded them before the children and called off their names. There were Mirce Pie Dream, and his twin brother. Fruit Cake Dream, and Muffin and Waffes, and Green Apple Dreams, and ever so many more. While the Queen of Dreams was demore. While the Queen of Dreams was de-scribing the beauties of her dyspeptic sub-jects, Drusilla saw coming toward them the most horrible-looking object imaginable. She tried to warn the others, but she couldn't speak. She could only point her finger and nod her head. The creature seemed to be as big around the body as a horse. Its forelegs were short, while its bind legs were long, so that in crawling hind legs were long, so that in crawling along the ground, as it was now doing, it seemed to be crouching as if ready to spring. It had two talls longer than an



about each other, and colors whirled in the floor till they lost all semblance of propor-

And then, while waiting for this devastation to stop itself, the children saw a little woman come gliding toward them, followed

by a swarm of smaller figures.

"We're gone now," exclaimed Drusilla, excitedly. "We done stirred um up. We better make a break an' git out er here 'fo' dey jump on us an' git us down." But somehow, neither Buster John nor

Sweetest Susan was frightened. There was nothing alarming about these little people—
If people they were. The little woman who seemed to be the leader was not ugly at all. If she had been an old crone with a yellow tooth the children might have felt some uneasiness, but her appearance was yeary pleasing although she seemed to be very pleasing, although she seemed to be somewhat weaty. And all the smaller ones that came after her seemed to be solemn and weary. But they were not too weary to form themselves in a ring, of which the children were the center, and go marching around, singing a song of complaint. Their voices were not strong, and it was all the children could do to catch a few of the words of the song. A part of it was as fol-

"If you stay awake while you sleep, You will find that the whole isn't half; You will find it is funny to weep, And awfully solemn to laugh. Oh, hear one cause of complaint-It 'tis, it 'twas, it 'tain't!'

"I tell you dey got us!" said Drusilla in a low tone. "Dey ain't no sense in what dey low tone. "Dey ain't no sense in what singin'. Dey er all ravin' crazy. Look at um, how dey waggle dey heads an' wobble bout when dey walk. Dey sho is got us!" When the song, if such it could be called, was done the little woman came toward the children. Her attitude was not threaten-irg, but Drusilla made haste to get behind her companions.

"You don't seem to know me," the little woman said. "No, we don't. Who are you?" asked Sweetest Susan. "I'm the Queen of Dreams," replied the other.

"Are we dreaming now?" Buster John asked, somewhat bluntly.
"How could that be?" said the Queen of "You are not asleep; and we are e because of a hideous noise we Dreams. heard. We were asleep. Do you think we should be disturbed in our own kingdom? We can't help ourselves at this mement,

but do you think it is right to invade our territory?"
"What she talkin' 'bout?" asked Drusilla in a whisper. "Who been 'vadin' any ter'y tory?"
"Why, Mr. Bobs made this bubble for us." Buster John explained.
The Queen of Dreams seemed to be puz-

overhead reeled and shook and whirled one eye and finds us gone. He's a great pet of mine. Come, tickle his ear, and see him open his mouth and growl."

At this Drusilla turned and ran, and the

ohildren after her, and the next moment they were standing, panting for breath, close to Mr. Bobs, who was calmly sharpens ing his tools on an oil stone.

"I clean forgot to tell you not to stay in there too long," he remarked. "Folks must have fresh air, and you can't git that in a bubble. But ef you say the word, I'll blow

you up a bigger one, an' you can stay in But the children shook their heads and thanked him. 'They didn't want any more bubbles that day.
"You better le'me make you a good big

'un," Mr. Bobs insisted. "I most know the nigger gal there would like to git in a great "Humph! You don't know me, len," said

Drusilla, with some bluntness. "Dem what likes bubbles can gif in um an stay in um fer what I keer. All I'm skeered un is dat I'll git in um in my dreams. Ef I does, eve'y hair in my haid'll be gray de nex'. time you see me At this Mr. Bobs fell to laughing, and he

laughed so long and so louily that Miss Elviry came to the door to see what the matter was.
"Why, what in the world?" she exclaimed. "I'm jest laughin' at that gal there," Mr.

Bobs explained, when he could control him-self. "She went into the bubble along wi the others." "Why will you go on that away? An' at

your age, too. It's a plum shame!" ex-claimed his sister.
"Why, Elviry, ten year from now thesa youngsters wouldn't take a hundred dollars for what they've saw today."

And no doubt this was true so far as

Buster John and Sweetest Susan were con-cerned; but with Drusilla it was different. For many months she was filled with indignation toward Mr. Bobs, and it was many months more before she could be induced to go out of the house alons at night. Even then she would say. "Ef you want me ter go, you better gi' me a bottle er some kin-der medicin', kaze ef I meet dat Thing cut dar, I'll have ten fits 'fo' you kin ax me what de matter."

He was suing for a divorce. "Judge," he said, and there was a pitiful tremor in his voice, "every night she made up the most awful chafing dish messes that mortal man ever sampled!"

"But you didn't have to eat them," said.

the judge, sharply The plaintiff looked at the judge pity ingly.
"You don't know my wife, judge,"

He got his decree.-Cleveland Platt